MOBILE ADVERTISING.

SECESSION is a Great Institution. Modesty is a ditto, and VANITY FAIR likes modesty of all things, especially in a Fiery, Impulsive, Generous young Secessionist. Therefore V. F. rejoices over a translation of the Marseilles Hymn, with introductory remarks by that F. I. and G. Son of the South, O. W. WEST published in that essentially modest sheet, the *Mobile Weekly Advertiser*.

O. W. W. begins by informing us that "he" has never met with any English version of the *Marseillaise* which pretended to be anything more than a mere paraphrase! And as "Yankee Doodle" is being discarded in some portions of our country, for the spirit-stirring song of the Gauls, it is well that the latter be presented as it really is. So he has "done" it into English, and it sings as follows:

"Oh so-o-oons of my na-a-a-a-tive la-a-and,
The day of glo-ry-y-y hath appeared;
Against *us* with *a* bloody ha-and
Tyran-n-ny's sta-andard is upreared." * * * *

Hold up—that can't be it. Let's try again.

"Oh sons of my-y-y-y-y-y native land,
The da-a-a-(ugh'gh—ugh!)-a-ay of glo——"

Pshaw! *that* is 'nt it either.

"Oh sons o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-of——"

But we give it up. Human vocalism can't wed this new version to the air of *Allons enfans*. Imagine ten thousand Seseshers in a chorus on it! But to proceed.

"We all are soldiers *you* to battle!
And if *we* fall, France brings anew
Young heroes out to rush 'gainst you
With gleaming swords and cannon's rattle,"

Or

"'Tis us they threaten to return
To bind in slavery's ancient lair!"

Enough said, enough sung. Meanwhile we assure O. W. W. that we regard his "hime" in an æsthetic point of view as Perfectly Appropriate to his "Caws" and its Causers. So endeth the First Lesson from the *Mobile Advertiser*.

Ye seconde is as follows:

"The South could detach one-half its whole male population to wage war with as much ease as the North could one-fifth, and in case of need the proportionate array of fighters which we could marshal would astonish the world, and it would be still more astonished by the solvent prosperity of our condition when we come out of a contest requiring such effort. When they talk about coercing, conquering the South, let the valiant Northmen consider that every Southern State is several modern Laconias, and all the States a grand aggregate of Laconia, which we verily believe could defy the invading armies of the whole world."

W-H-E-W—whew! Any more of that? The whole world.

JOHN FORSYTH, *you've* got some sense. Can't you choke off that deliri-mented and demilirious fellow editorial townsman of yours. "Honest man, you can do a Power of fine things they say," quoth PANURGE. Try!

WIKOFF.

It is astonishing what divers classes of persons are at the present momentous crisis engaged in what certainly must be acknowledged to be a laudable endeavor to save the country. BŒOTIUS, a gentleman in the hardware interest, addresses a letter to the tinkers of the United States, and calls their attention to the ruin impending over the national kettle. From that moment forward the enterprising BŒOTIUS is firmly convinced that the nation rests on his shoulders and that solder is the only means of cementing the Union. PARAGON, the great tailor, who majestically entitles himself *Inventeur des modes* and *Poéte des pantalons*, finds it his duty to appeal, in a document of three columns, to all cutters and stitchers throughout the nation, calling upon them to help in closing up the threatening seam that is now opening between North and South, and prove themselves to be honorably sound upon the goose question. If the Union should be preserved, PARAGON will die with happy consciousness of having preserved it at the point of the needle. Last but not least, the Chevalier WIKOFF lifts his voice and has his little say about the all-important question.

For an unwonted period the Chevalier has remained in his comparative obscurity, crossing and recrossing the Atlantic in an unobtrusive manner, and we presume bearing like a carrier pigeon, despatches beneath his diplomatic wing. Occasionally a meagre newspaper paragraph informed us that he had been closeted for a week or two with Mandarin BUCHANAN, during which time it is to be presumed several Rye (whisky) house plots were canvassed and considered. But on the whole the Chevalier has been unnaturally calm. It was but reasonable to suppose that this tranquility was but the fore-runner of some brilliant *coup*, but whether the meditated stroke was in the realm of Love, Diplomacy or the Fine Arts, the world was profoundly ignorant; for as every one knows, the Chevalier is equally *habile* in each of these departments. At length however the curtain rises, the gongs sound, the drum beats, the lights go up and Harlequin WIKOFF bounds upon the stage as active, droll, and voluble as ever.

This time he appears in the novel character of private tutor to Lord PALMERSTON. Presuming, we suppose, that the aged nobleman in question must be in his second childhood, and consequently have to commence his political education over again, Head Master WIKOFF kindly takes the old boy under his charge, and gives him a preparatory lesson in words of one syllable on the Federal History of the United States. It is a pleasing sight, the wise and versatile Sage WIKOFF assisting the declining years of the Prime Minister of England with information and advice. In his caution for the progress of his distinguished charge nothing is forgotten. Lest the unruly old pupil should for a moment forget the respect due to his teacher, he informs him in a foot-note, that he was born in Philadelphia—in itself a claim to the highest consideration—and that furthermore he is a graduate of Yale College. It would, we think, have added to the interest of these statements, had he communicated to his lordship the details of his stature, his exact age (the last under bonds of secrecy) and his average weight during the last ten years. However, perhaps he thought that the tender mind of Lord PALMERSTON should not at the outset be overburdened with knowledge, and so out of consideration withheld these momentous facts for another and more favorable opportunity.

The Chevalier's instruction to the Prime Minister is gracefully conveyed in the form of a letter, emulating in this the mode in which distinguished men have loved to communicate advice to striplings in which they were interested; such as CHESTERFIELD's letters to his son, and *Punch's* Letters to a Young Man. This letter, which the title page states, is "on American Slavery," was "originally intended for the private perusal of the Noble Lord to whom it is addressed; but it was suggested to me," (Chevalier *loquitor*) "that its publication here might possibly be beneficial." So he accordingly does not "hesitate to give it to the public."

It strikes us very strongly, that the public do not want it. The American people are tolerable familiar with their Federal history, and the workings of their own institutions, and although a *resume* of our history from 1789 down to the present, must prove highly novel, interesting and useful to the unlettered PALMERSTON, it is just possible that the citizens of the United States, having long since obtained the information from other and larger sources, do not care to be instructed over the shoulder of an unhappily senile nobleman. The interesting information which Mr. WIKOFF communicates to Lord PALMERSTON relative to West Indian Emancipation, and which is doubtless wholly unfamiliar to that statesman—he being actively engaged in public life at the time it took place—can scarcely be viewed as of vital importance to us at the present time; while the brief views on the American Press with which the distinguished instructor of nobility closes his lesson, being neither large, new or important, do not call for any particular comment.

In brief, then, we would recommend Mr. WIKOFF to leave off writing pamphlets, for he has nothing to say, and nobody will read it. Let him attend to poor Lord PALMERSTON's education, send him his pocket money regularly, with a hamper at Christmas, and permit the preservation of the Union to accomplish itself.

A Hint.

VANITY FAIR would suggest to the Senators who have left the Senate for the Senate's good, that hereafter instead of affixing to their names the initials, U. S. S. they write A. S. S., A Seceding Senator.

Toast of the Disunionists.

The President—Long may he Waver!

ARTEMUS WARD

ON THE SHAKERS.

LETTER VIII.

The Shakers is the strangest religious sex I ever met. I'd hea tell 'of 'em and I'd seen 'em, with their broad brim'd hats at long wastid coats; but I'd never cum into immejit contack wi 'em, and I'd sot 'em down as lackin intelleck, as I'd never se 'em to my Show—leastways if they cum they was disgised in whi peple's close, so I didn't know 'em.

But in the Spring of 18—, I got swampt in the exterior of Ne York State, one dark and stormy night, when the winds Bl pityusly, and I was forced to tie up with the Shakers.

I was toilin threw the mud, when in the dim vister of the fut I obsarved the gleams of a taller candle. Tiein a hornet nest to my off hoss's tail to kinder encourage him I soc reached the place. I knockt at the door, which it was opene unto me by a tall, slick-faced, solum lookin individooal, wh turn'd out to be a Elder.

"Mister Shaker," sed I, "you see before you a Babe in th Woods, so to speak, and he axes shelter of you."

"Yay," sed the Shaker, and he led the way into the hous another Shaker bein sent to put my hosses and wagin unde kiver.

A solum female, lookin sumwhat like a last year's bean-pol stuck into a long meal bag, cum in and axed me was I athurst an did I hunger? to which I urbanely anserd "a few." She went or and I indeverd to open a conversashun with the old man.

"Elder, I spect?" sed I.

"Yay," he sed.

"Helth's good, I reckon?"

"Yay."

"What's the wages of a Elder, when he understans his bizness —or do you devote your sarvices gratooitus?"

"Yay."

"Stormy night, sir."

"Yay."

"If the storm continners there'll be a mess underfoot, hay?"

"Yay."

"It's onpleasant when there's a mess underfoot?"

"Yay."

"If I may be so bold, kind sir, what's the price of that pecooler kind of weskit you wear, incloodin trimmins?"

"Yay!"

I pawsd a minit, and then, thinkin I'd be faseshus with him and see how that would go, I slapt him on the shoulder, bust into a harty larf, and told him that as a *yayer* he had no livin ekal.

He jumpt up as if Bilin water had bin squirted into his ears, groaned, rolled his eyes up tords the seelin and sed: "You're a man of sin!" He then walkt out of the room.

Jest then the female in the meal bag stuck her hed into the room and statid that refreshments awaited the weary traveler, and I sed if it was vittles she ment, the weary travler was agreeable, and I follered her into the next room.

I sot down to the table and the female in the meal bag pored out sum tea. She sed nothin, and for five minits the only live thing in that room was a old wooden clock, which tickt in a subdood and bashful manner in the corner. This dethly stillness made me oneasy, and I determined to talk to the female or bust. So sez I, "marriges is agin your rules, I bleeve, marm?"

"Yay."

"The sexes liv strickly apart, I spect?"

"Yay."

"It's kinder singler," sez I, puttin on my most sweetest look and speakin in a winnin voice, "that so fair a made as thow never got hitched to sum likely feller." [N. B.—She was upar'ds of 40 and homely as a stump fence, but I thawt I'd tickil her.]

"I don't like men!" she sed, very short.

"Wall, I dunno," sez I, "they're a rayther important part of the populashun. I don't scacely see how we could git along without 'em."

"Us poor wimin folks would git along a grate deal better if there was no men!"

"You'll excoos me, marm, but I don't think that air would work. It wouldn't be regler."

"I'm fraid of men!" she sed.

"That's onnecessary, marm. *You* ain't in no danger. Don't fret yourself on that pint."

"Here we're shot out from the sinful world. Here all is peas. Here we air brothers and sisters. We don't marry and consekently we hav no domestic difficulties. Husbans don't abooze their wives—wives don't worrit their husbans. There's no children here to worrit us. Nothin to worrit us here. No wicked matrimony here. Would thow like to be a Shaker?"

"No," sez I, "it ain't my stile."

I had now histed in as big a load of pervishuns as I could carry comfortable, and, leanin back in my cheer, commenst pickin my teeth with a fork. The female went out, leavin me all alone with the clock. I hadn't sot thar long before the Elder poked his hed in at the door. "You're a man of sin!" he sed, and groaned and went away.

Direckly thar cum in two young Shakeresses, as putty and slick lookin gals as I ever met. It is troo they was drest in meal bags like the old one I'd met previsly, and their shiny, silky har was hid from sight by long white caps, sich as I spose female gosts wear; but their eyes sparkled like diminds, their cheeks was like roses, and they was charmin enuff to make a man throw stuns at his grandmother, if they axed him to. They commenst clearin away the dishes, castin shy glances at me all the time. I got excited. I forgot BETSY JANE in my rapter, and sez I, "my pretty dears, how air you?"

"We air well," they solumly sed.

"Whar's the old man?" sed I, in a soft voice.

"Of whom dost thow speak—Brother URIAH?"

"I mean the gay and festiv cuss who calls me a man of sin. Shouldn't wonder if his name was URIAH."

"He has retired."

"Wall, my pretty dears," sez I, "let's have sum fun. Let's play Puss in the corner. What say?"

"Air you a Shaker, sir?" they axed.

"Wall, my pretty dears, I haven't arrayed my proud form in a long weskit yit, but if they was all like you prehaps I'd jine 'em. As it is, I'm a Shaker pro-temporary."

They was full of fun. I seed that at fust, only they was a leetle skeery. I tawt 'em Puss in the corner and sich like plase, and we had a nice time, keepin quiet of course so the old man shouldn't hear. When we broke up sez I, "my pretty dears, ear I go you hav no objections, hav you, to a innersent kiss at partin?"

"Yay," thay sed, and I *yay'd*

I went up stairs to bed. I spose I'd bin snoozin half a hour when I was woke up by a noise at the door. I sot up in bed, leanin on my elbers and rubbin my eyes, and I saw the follerin picter: The Elder stood in the doorway, with a taller candle in his hand. He hadn't no wearin appeerel on except his night close, which flutterd in the breeze like a Fourth of July Flag. He sed, "You're a man of sin!" then groaned and went away.

I went to sleep agin, and drempt of runnin orf with the pretty little Shakeresses, mounted on my Californy Bar. I thawt the Bar insisted on steerin strate for my dooryard in Baldinsville and

that BETSY JANE cum out and giv us a warm recepshun with a panfull of Bilin water. I was woke up arly by the Elder. He sed refreshments was reddy for me down stairs. Then sayin I was a man of sin, he went groanin away.

As I was goin threw the entry to the room where the vittles was, I cum across the Elder and the old female I'd met the night before, and what d'ye spose they was up to? Huggin and kissin like young lovers in their gushingist state. Sez I, "my Shaker frends, I reckon you'd better suspend the rules, and git married!"

"You must excoos Brother URIAH, sed the female; he's subjeck to fits and hain't got no command over hisself when he's into 'em."

"Sartinly," sez I, I've bin took that way myself frequent."

"You're a man of sin!" sed the Elder.

Arter breakfast my little Shaker frends cum in agin to clear away the dishes.

"My pretty dears," sez I, "shall we *yay* agin?"

"Nay," they sed, and I *nay'd*.

The Shakers axed me to go to their meetin, as they was to hav sarvices that mornin, so I put on a clean biled rag and went. The meetin house was as neat as a pin. The floor was white as chalk and smooth as glass. The Shakers was all on hand, in clean weskits and meal bags, ranged on the floor like milingtery companies, the mails on one side of the room and the females on t'other. They commenst clappin their hands and singin and dancin. They danced kinder slow at fust, but as they got warmed up they shaved it down very brisk, I tell you. Elder URIAH, in particler, exhibertid a right smart chance of spryness in his legs, considerin his time of life, and as he cum a dubble shuffle near where I sot, I rewarded him with a approvin smile and sed: "Good boy! Go it, my gay and festiv cuss!"

"You're a man of sin!" he sed, continnerin his shuffle.

The Sperret, as they called it, then moved a short fat Shaker to say a few remarks. He sed they was Shakers and all was ekal. They was the purest and seleckest peple on the yearth. Other peple was sinful as they could be, but Shakers was all right. Shakers was all goin kerslap to the Promist Land, and nobody want goin to stand at the gate to bar 'em out, if they did they'd git run over.

The Shakers then danced and sung agin, and arter they was threw, one of 'em axed me what I thawt of it.

Sez I, "What duz it siggerfy?"

"What?" sez he.

"Why this jumpin up and singin? This long weskit bizniss, and this anty-matrimony idee? My trends, you air neat and tidy. Your lands is flowin with milk and honey. Your brooms is fine, and your apple sass is honest. When a man buys a kag of apple sass of you he don't find a grate many shavins under a few layers of sass—a little Game I'm sorry to say sum of my New Englan ancesters used to practiss. Your garding seeds is fine, and if I should sow 'em on the rock of Gibralter probly I should raise a good mess of garding sass. You air honest in your dealins. You air quiet and don't distarb nobody. For all this I givs you credit, But your religion is small pertaters, I must say. You mope away your lives here in single retchidness, and as you air all by yourselves nothing ever conflicks with your pecooler idees, except when Human Nater busts out among you, as I understan she sumtimes do. [I giv URIAH a sly wink here, which made the old feller squirm like a speared Eel.] You wear long weskits and long faces, and lead a gloomy life indeed. No children's prattle is ever hearn around your harthstuns—you air in a dreary fog all the time, and you treat the jolly sunshine of life as tho' it was a thief, drivin it from your doors by them weskits, and meal bags, and pecooler noshuns of yourn. The gals among you, sum of which air as slick pieces of caliker as I ever sot eyes on, air syin to place their heds agin weskits which kiver honest, manly harts, while you old heds fool yerselves with the idee that they air fulfillin their mishun here, and air contented. Here you air, all pend up by yerselves, talkin about the sins of a world you don't know nothin of. Meanwhile said world continners to resolve round on her own axeltree onct in every 24 hours, subjeck to the Constitushun of the United States, and is a very plesant place of residence. It's a unnatral, onreasonable and dismal life you're leadin here. So it strikes me. My Shaker frends, I now bid you a welcome adoo. You hav treated me exceedin well. Thank you kindly, one and all.

"A base exhibiter of depraved monkeys and onprincipled wax works!" sed URIAH.

"Hello, URIAH," sez I, "I'd most forgot you. Wall, look out for them fits of yourn, and don't catch cold and die in the flour of your youth and beauty."

And I resoomd my jerney.

New Order of Things South.

Order—arms!

POLICE ITEMS.

UCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS QUILLIPS, a boy of the Acrobatic persuasion, and about nine years old, was brought up on Friday last to the Mayor's Office, by detective officer SQUASH, on a charge of throwing summersaults upon the ice of the small pond formed by the kennel backwater thrown up by a prostrate ash-barrel at the north by south corner of the City Hall Park. Counsel for QUILLIPS argued for his client on a flaw in the charge; namely, that introvolutions or gyrations performed upon ice, could not properly come under the head of Summersaults, inasmuch as it must be obvious to the meanest capacity that they are Wintersaults. The case was the first of the kind ever argued; but, having once broken the ice, he, counsel, would be able to show that the flaw—in the charge, not in the ice—would present an opening sufficient for the matter to fall through. Counsel was proceeding to explain the difference between a summersault and wintersault, and their relations with a common assault, when he was requested to cut it short by His Worship the Mayor, who referred counsel to his—Worship the Mayor's—ordinance, forbidding the throwing of Salt of any kind upon the ice. Case remanded until the Spring thaw enables magistrates to decide whether Summersalts are to be considered as a physical misdemeanor upon ice.

NICELY JAPANNED.

We all of us know we're the smartest of chaps
Which nobody can deny,
We extensively pitied the innocent Japs,
Which nobody can deny,
So we gave 'em good dinners, we gave 'em champagne,
We got 'em immensively high on a train,
And explained to 'em how to go in should it rain,
Which nobody can deny.

The bills will amount to a million or two,
Which nobody can deny,
And the Kamis have certainly fooled us a few,
Which nobody can deny.
The princes they sent were excessively small,
Our hopes of a trade are nailed fast to the wall
And TOMMY a mis'rable Nothing At All,
Which nobody can deny.

So here's to the health of both Yankees and Jap,
Which nobody can deny,
And here's to the genius which caught us a-snap,
Which nobody can deny.
And let no one hereafter in confidence own
That he comes from Down East and was Easterly grown,
For the Japs are the Downiest Easterns yet known,
Which nobody can deny.

Answer to Correspondent.

The name of the Senator from Tennessee is ANDREW JOHNSON. There was a representative of that State some years ago at Washington named CAVE JOHNSON. The present Senator is no relation—there is no cave in him.

PHILADELPHIAN.

Miss Walnut Street.—My dear Bob—you know that according to the rules of our Engagement Club, I can only be betrothed to you for a month at a time. Time's up. Gurney Draft comes in to-morrow. Now be a good boy—your turn 'll come round soon.

Bad Eggs.

We perceive Collector Hatch of New Orleans has reported the "Capacity of the Revenue cutters McClelland and Washington," now in the possession of the State of Louisiana. What a pity he did not include also a report of the Incapacity of the traitors who surrendered them.

The Morality of Duties.

Such is the great indignation manifested by the Merchants of New York, at the new Tariff bill, that one would suppose what they call "Morrill" in Washington, is Immoral here.

From our Philological Contributor.

It is a pity for South Carolina that when she sent Rhett to the Convention she did not send one who was more Reticent.

A Paradox.

The doughty warriors who didn't make a breach in Fort Pickens, yet made a pair of breeches, notwithstanding, out of its Commander.

What a Northern Mudsill Thinks.

That the only safety of the masses for their position as sovereign citizens of the country lies in the preservation of the Union.

An Ice Joke.

Ball up and no skating at the Central Park.

TO DR. BELLOWS.

Vanity Fair Greeting! H. S. T. of Haddrels, S. C., has seen Dr. Bellows's Thanksgiving Sermon. H. S. T. has written a letter to the *Christian Inquirer*, that the people of the "late United States" may know that Dr. Bellows has made "insinuations" against the character and good standing of a South Carolina "mob." H. S. T. says that the Rev. Doctor was under a "most singular delusion" when he said that:

> "We owe it to the intelligence and worth of the South to believe that they are silenced and tyrannized over by a mob."

H. S. T. is so fearful that the "mob" in South Carolina will have its character destroyed, that he procures the "roll of the Convention of South Carolina" and reads there "names of Ex-Governors, Ex-United States Senators, and Members of Congress, Ex-United States Judge, one third of the present Judiciary, Presidents of colleges, moneyed institutions and railroads, Clergymen of every denomination, Lawyers, Planters, Mechanics, Merchants and Capitalists."

There! Dr. Bellows, what right have you to suppose that the "mob" seized the forts belonging to the nation, and now defend the stronghold? You ought to have known that the "Ex-Governors," "Ex-Judge" and "Ex-Senators" did it. What right have you to suppose that the "mob" ordered Major Anderson's Chaplain to leave the state for asking a blessing upon the flag of his country? The "mob" wouldn't do such a thing. Oh no! The "Clergymen of all denominations" took his case in hand. They don't mean to have any prayers go up for the nation—but for S. C. in particular. You must be careful, Dr. Bellows, and say next time that the "Presidents of Railroads and moneyed institutions" are stealing the Post Office and Custom House monies; that the "Planters, Merchants, and Capitalists" fired on their country's flag. Don't make any more insinuations that the "mob" of S. C. does any such mean things.

Prophetic Bids.

For the progress of one of our dailies (vide Rev. xii c. xiv v.) "A Time and Times and half a Times."

QUEM DEUS VULT PERDERE.

Of all the jokes ever joked:
Of all the absurdities:
Of all the incongruities:

Of all the Hibernianisms, follies, jests and inconsiderations ever accomplished, commend us to the conception of the Southern Confederacy which recognizes as the basis of its stability the right of any one of its members to withdraw at any time!

Carrying with it be it added, any of its neighbor's property that may happen to be lying around loose.

Founded in its very beginning, yea, conceived in Theft, Swindling, Defalcation, Lies and Treason. For it was in every variety of such Rascality of the foulest and most degrading kind that the great Southern leaders worked for years to undermine and ruin the government from which they proposed to "Secede."

When Swash-buckler, Dirt-Ail and Small-Trash proposed to Picrochole (Rabelais Book 1. c. 32. 33.) to make war on Grandgousier, their first impulse was to steal. That was their way of preparing for war. "Then took they money and cakes, oxen and carts, and seat them away without speaking one word." Now when the History of this Swash-Bucklering Secession comes to be written, good reader, which will tickle the future commentator most—the enormous pretensions of our Southern cavaliers to be all that is scrupulously and delicately honorable, or the scoundrelly thieving and swindling wherewith their Representative Men prepared the pathway of Secession? And from the whole community of delicately honorable States there comes no cry of scruple—only exultant chuckles of triumph.

Ah!—if they had only secured those Thirty Millions!

Well, they're all at sea now. Louisiana with her sugar-planters ruined, Georgia with fierce hopes of ruining South Carolina, all interests jarring and clashing, and only the forlorn hope of a war with the North to bind them together.

War with the hardy mechanics and stalwart farmers of the North, and the sturdy pioneers of the West! War with a majority of millions on millions!

A crazy leaky privateer—all hands madly drunk—all sail set—driving out into a stormy sea!

Ai! ai!

THE PRIMPENNY FAMILY.

BY FITZ-HUGH LUDLOW.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER VIII.

It was Teague who opened the door of the Primpenny establishment to Mr. McCrowder.

"I think I've seen you once before, young man"—said Mr. McCrowder, solemly.

"And I think ye see me twice now," answered the always cheerful Teague. "Be me sowl it's a swate little drhap ye have in yer eye! But the blind piper mus'nt say whisht to the bye that whistles. I've done it meself, an' I can't blame you. Won't ye come in an' sthay till nearly dinner-time?"

"I'll spend a week with you, young man. Or a month. Or a year. Or I'll take a permanent situation and remain till the house burns down. In fact—I will not go away from the house until I have had an interview with Mr. Primpenny."

"An' is it Misther Primpenny?" asked Teague with an incredulous smile. "Is it here ye're coming to look afther Misther Primpenny? An' what would he be doing here, darlint?"

Mr. McCrowder grasped Teague by the arms, and thus steadying himself, gazed heavenward.

> The temple-haunting martet doth approve
> By his loved mansionry, that Primpenny
> Dwells wooingly here—"

Said Mr. McCrowder, dramatically. "*Wooingly*, Sir! *Woo'ngly!* I repeat it sir! *woo'gly!* And the object of his fatal attentions is—Hear me, ye Heavens, if ye love old men! My only female child, and she a daughter—my Ann Eliza. I have come hither to demand satisfaction. And this stoop shall fly from its firm base as soon as I. Have you a daughter?"

"Divil a wan to spake of," replied Teague. "If I have, she's not a dale o' comfort to her vinerable ould father! It's sildom I see her, bein' to the best o' my remimbrance not since the thirty-first o' last February."

"Then you can't sympathize with me. I thought when I looked upon your festive countenance that a daughter couldn't ha' happened to you. I said to my own heart, nothing has repressed his noble rage—or froze the genial current of his soul. Where's Primpenny?"

"What d'ye axe me for?"

"Who lives in this house?"

"It's a coontryman o' mine, to be sure. This is the residence of the Irish Consul."

"Irish Consul keep any thing t' drink?"

"Faith an' he gits it—but he does'nt kape it long. Come down sthairs an' I'll see if he's left anything at the bottom o' the jug."

Mr. McCrowder followed Teague into the house—and groped the way after him to the basement-room which that worthy called his bower—whose walls were adorned with numerous colored lithographs of Emmett and Curran, Wolf Tone, Thomas Moore, Rory of the same surname, and Irish Mary, all so strikingly alike that they seem d to be only the portrait gallery of a family every one of whose members had distinguished themselves.

"Take a chair," said Teague politely.

"You hav'nt got such a thing as a bed?"

"Indade an' I have. Do I look like a gintleman that takes his slape standin'?"

"Well—I'll try the bed. You see if there's anything—as you feelingly remarked—at the bottom of the jug. If there is I'll try that."

Teague pointed out the position of the bed, and produced a black bottle. Mr. McCrowder availed himself of both these means of prostration, and murmuring that he *would* at all hazards protect his family, slept upon that noble sentiment.

Teague stole out of the room, locked the door behind him, and ascended to the second story front room of the bachelor establishment.

Mr. Primpenny was dressing for dinner. He expected some choice spirits, and was just giving a finishing touch to "the thing in neckties." He had selected a Magenta strip as "the thing" for to-day, because he had ordered the couple of roast pheasants behind which he was to sit, to be done in letter paper, which always gives them a pale tint, and needs a warm color for contrast.

"Well, Teague?" said Mr. Primpenny. Teague grinned and pointed with his thumb in the direction of the basement.

"The Father of the McCrowdhers!" said Teague.

"Heh? The father of whom? They hav'nt any father!"

"Faith an' they have, savin' me respects. He is'nt much of a father, that's thrue for him, but he's like me cousin's cold in the head—the best wan they've got. An' whativer there is of him is takin' up five fate five o' my bed, by thray fate thray in a latheral diraction. That's just at prisint. Whin he's risted intirely, he'll be up here to prothect his family."

"Speak plain, Teague, and say what you mean."

"Well, Misther Primpenny, I mane what *he* manes; and whin there's three quarts o' beer and a gill of the crayter on top o' what a man manes, it's not an aisy job to get that out of him. But if yer honor will allow me to give me own opinion, I think he's come to persuade yer honor to marry the gurrel. He said you were a galliwanting varlet, and that you approved of dwelling here wooingly, and plase yer honor I did'nt knock him down for it, for a gintleman never sthrikes a man when he's drunk—but I tould him you did'nt live here at all, an' this was the risidence of the Irish Consul. I thin put him to bed, and he fell into a swate slape, promising to prothect the family whin he woke up. An' that's jist all I know about it."

"Good heavens!" said Mr. Primpenny, pacing the room in great agitation. What is to be done?"

"We might send for the Perlice and have him tuk to the station fur bein' droonk an' annoyin' a refined private family in the 22nd Ward."

"That would'nt help it all. We'd have to appear against him, then there'd be a row in court. I wonder exactly what infernal foolish thing I did do that evening at the McCrowders?"

"It would'nt be aisy to say what foolish thing a gintleman might'nt do with too much punch and the McCrowdhers together. Troth, but they're dape, the beauties! Could'nt we head up the ould gintleman in a cask and put him aboord o' one o' the Chinese packets, with "right side up—glass" on his top end to prevint the apperplexy? He would'nt come to till he was at say, and havin' to go the whole cruise might contint himself with thinkin' o' the fortin he'd make in Chiney. There may be one sailin' to day! Shall I call a dhray?"

"And run the risk of being tried for murder! I swear, I believe I exchanged hair with that girl! It dawns upon me—"

"*Hair* was it?" said Teague, mournfully. "Be me sowl, then yer honor's done for! Whin a man can't kape the hair on his head, for a woman, he's ruined intirely! The nixt thing's his eye tathe—thin his brains—and thin he's married."

"I *did* give her a lock. I saw the place next morning. I think, yes, I *know*, I kissed her. I'm pretty sure I must have told her I loved her, and asked her to marry—Teague, how dare you hold your hands on your ears when I'm talking?"

"Howly Mother, Misther Primpenny! An' what if there was a shuit for breach of promise? I was houldin' me hands over my ears so that I did'nt hear you say you axed the gurrel to marry ye, in case I was a witness!"

Mr. Primpenny's countenance relaxed for a moment, and then, with a groan of deep despair, he extended himself on a neighboring lounge.

Teague meanwhile scratched his head as if it were a placer, and he expected presently to get through the crust down to any amount of bright ideas. This operation, assisted by agonizing contortions of visage, went on for about five minutes, varied by an occasional expression of despair from Mr. Primpenny. At the end of that time Teague seemed to have struck a lode. His features suddenly became illuminated with the old grin which expressed his hilarious states of mind, and then his thoughts found vent.

"It's the gold them McCrowdhers is after, Mr. Primpenny!"

"Of course it is—you might have known that before."

"Suppose they got the idea you had'nt any, and that ye was a misherable imposther, an' had come a coortin' the gurrel as they say ould McCrowdher did the Missis, jist because ye wanted the bit, an' the sup, an the place to sthay in? Suppose they found out yer honor was only a poor divil like meself, without a cint unless ye earned it or borrowed it without axin? Would they want ye to marry the gurrel, thin?"

"Of course not, but the idea's ridiculous."

"Wait a bit, yer honor! There's plenty of ridiculous idees that succade nately in New Yorrek. I've a cousin, well he is'nt my cousin jist, but his father's uncle married me step-mother's aunt, and we lived next door in the ould coontry and kept a pig betwane us, so we're a sort of distant relation. An' squint-eyed Mike (that's me cousin.) is gineral advertisin' agent for a Life-presarvin' Company, by way o' carryin' round their address in big painted letters on the back of an indy-rubber coat. He makes six shillin's a day an' finds hisself. He occupies lodgins in a highly respectable private boarding-house in Frankfort strate with six or eight dozen other single gentlemen beside himself—some of 'em belonging to

the crank-Opery persuasion, some of 'em belor ging to the society for the improvement of edge-tools, and some of 'em doin' something else—but all quiet dacent fellows that sez their prayers and takes their drinks reg'ler. The gintleman that kapes the house is me intimate friend, and his name's London Gubby, a convanient arrangement which tells where he's from an' who his father was without the throuble o' axin' him. Now, Mr. Primpenny, what I want to say is, how would it do to take lodgins for the avenin' at London Gubby's—carry the slapin' beauty of the McCrowdher's along with us—and let him wake up there, in the midst o' our misherable destitution?"

Mr. Primpenny, on reflection, thought so well of the idea that he sent Teague for a coach—put the still unconscious McCrowder in it when it arrived—and leaving with the cook a note directing his festive friends to sit down at dinner without him, bestowed himself with Teague on the seat opposite the literally heavy father of the drama, and bid the coachman drive to No. — Frankfort St.

As a result of these proceedings, Mr. McCrowder awoke about eight P. M., and found himself lying on the floor of a small and unknown room, at once lighted and perfumed by a penny dip, whose end was a puzzling exception to the general rule about the wicked, and had *not* been cut off. With the sacrificial odor of burning tallow mingled another even more villainous of ten cent tobacco, which obscured the sight while it stimulated the olfactories of the awakened McCrowder. Nevertheless, through the smoke, that gentleman could perceive several intensely ragged and disreputable characters sitting about on maimed tables and remains of chairs.

Mr. McCrowder sneezed thrice, rolled his eyes in all directions with the customary vagueness, and then demanded to know where he was!

"Yo're in the Hinglish 'Otel kept by Mr. — hotherwise known has London Gubby—vich is now haddressin' you," replied the least ragged of the disreputable characters, a very fat man who had only one leg, but made it up in face.

"What am I doing here?" asked Mr. McCrowder in a voice of tremulous consternation.

"Your ha' sittin' up hon hend, haxin' qvestions. Likevise gradivally recoverin' from the heffects hof the beastly. Likevise a wisitin' o' this here Primpenny, vich I must say you hare a dischargin' the duties hof ha gu[illegible]t hin a most hagreeable hand hentertainin' manner."

"Primpenny, Primpenny, Primpenny," repeated Mr. McCrowder in a rapid and distracted manner. "Why he lives up-town somewhere, in a handsome free-stone house, in something street, I forget the number."

A boisterous chorus of laughter from all the disreputable characters in the room followed this assertion.

"I tould ye he'd say that!" said a familiar Irish voice which made Mr McCrowder start to his feet and peer eagerly through the smoke in the direction of the speaker.

"He came to the Irish Consul's this afthernoon, droonk as a piper, and talkin' that same story. I happened to be in at the Irish Consul's whin he came, an' seein' the Irish Consul's a friend o' mine; I borried a bed to lay him out on till I could call a cart. I used to clane knives for his wife, and so tuk pity on him, for he stole me a piece o' smoke-bafe one day whin I was stharvin on boord wages. Thin, as I knowed Primpenny, whin he was comin' that blarney on the gurrel, an' had a friend who lived at the same place with him, I knowed his number too, and brought him down here to see the gintleman he's inquirin' after." Isn't Primpenny in yet?"

"Troth an' he's ginerally in long before this," responded another Irish voice which, as it appertained to squint-eyed Mike, Mr. McCrowder did not recognize. "But I suppose as it's a moonlight night, the bye thought they could rade the advertisement on the back of his coat, so he'd stay out a bit and make extry wages."

"Vich he needs to do it," added the one-legged man by way of gruff commentary—"bein' hin my books for vun months board and lodgin'."

"Primpenny, advertisement on his back!" murmured Mr. McCrowder dreamily.

"Hin course!" replied London Gubby. "Didn't you never see the Life Preserver man vot saves millions from a vatery grave, and gets thereby such a hexperience of the hevils of that helement that he never takes no vater hisself? Vich it is the same man."

At this instant the ramshackly door of the apartment flew open on its single surviving hinge, and the person in question entered. He wore a heavy oil-cloth surtout reaching to his feet, and the back thereof was ornamented with white and scarlet letters on a green ground, to the purport that Messrs. Bugg and Rugg were prepared to furnish the drowning public with life-preserving jackets at so low a rate that customers might be expected to make a practice of throwing themselves off of high places into deep ones, from the mere fascination of seeing how impossible it was to commit suicide in that way, and how cheaply a man might be immortal if he only knew Bugg & Rugg commercially. Where the coat stopped above, came a very much damaged felt hat, original color unknown, and where it concluded below, emerged a pair of boots in condition similar to the hat's. Somewhere in the midst of this combination of deteriorated raiment was situated Mr. Primpenny.

"Well, fellers!" began he in a coarse but still recognizable voice. "Here's a pretty go! Carry this thing round all day on a feller's shoulders and then when you go to the feller what pays you for doin' on it, have him tell a feller that he isn't going to pay till the end of next week! Say fellers, I havn't had any grub, and it's past Gubby's regulation tea-time. Can't one o' you fellers lend a feller from sixpence to a quarter, to be returned by the end o' next week—exactually and distinctually by the end o' next week?"

"Not vun bob from me!" said London Gubby clapping his hands over the monetary cavity of his pantaloons.

"Nor from me!" echoed Squint-Eyed Mike.

"Be me sowl!" broke in Teague, "but I niver like to see a gintleman undher a cloud, havin' repatedly been there meself, an' findin' it dhryer than supposed. Hear's a quarther fur ye, Primpenny."

"Hello Teague! it's you is it? Glad to see you—*partikler* glad. Give us yer quarter—an' yer hand. Thankye. Distinctually next week. Now I'll go and get some supper.

"Haint you a goin' fur to speak to the wisitor?" said London Gubby in a tone of reprimand.

"Visitor! What visitor?"

At these words, Mr. McCrowder, who had been all this time standing speechless against the wall, his eyes as wide open as was consistent with the possibility of ever getting them shut again, advanced so that the candle shed its full flicker on his face.

"Old McCrowder!" exclaimed Mr. Primpenny in a tone of horror, giving a backward spring of two yards. "Let me go! let me go!" Everybody in the room now seized him at once, and with great difficulty dragged him toward Mr. McCrowder, who emboldened by the force on his side began addressing him in thunder tones.

"Sir! you have deceived me! you have entered the bosom of an innocent and unsuspecting family, to sting it like a viper. A viper in full dress suit, when you should have crawled in oil-cloth! And you have engaged the affections of a young and innocent female, under pretence that you were wealthy, and fashionable.

"Ha, ha, ha!" chorussed the company derisively.

"And reputable, and everything else that you aren't! I'll have you arrested."

"Oh don't, please don't!"

SWINGING UP SOMEWHERE.

The Montgomery correspondent of the Charleston *Mercury* opens his first letter with the following ominous paragraph. He is writing about the Southern Convention:

"The members of the Convention have commenced coming in. Mr. RHETT and Mr. BARNSWELL from South Carolina, Governor SWAN from North Carolina, and several from Mississippi, arrived to-day by the 12 o'clock train. Many others will most probably arrive to night, but the greater part will doubtless swing up somewhere on the road to-morrow (Sunday) and will come in on Monday."

VANITY FAIR has eagerly watched the newspapers, in the expectation of finding accounts of the Swinging Up of these delegates. Having discovered none, we leap to the conclusion that they did not Swing. But it is not too late. That they will Swing Up somewhere on the road—considering the Road which they are travelling—is, as all our readers observe—a foregone conclusion. Let us trust that it may be done promptly.

Allow them not a parting word,
Short be the shrift and sure the cord.

It is consoling to even know that they contemplated Swinging Up when they started on their Mission of Treason.

For President in 1864.

RAREY. His election would secure what we seem to want very badly at present—a Stable government.

By Telegraph.

What brand of flour do those RHETT-ches in S. C. need? A "Jackson Mill."

ANOTHER DISCLOSURE ABOUT THE CENTRAL PARK.

Young New York.—O, YOU'RE A SWEET SET FOR PARK KEEPERS, YOU ARE!—HERE I'VE COME FOUR MILES FOR A SKATE, AND THERE AIN'T A BIT OF ICE ON THE PONDS AS BIG AS YOUR SHIELD!

"Don't threaten him," whispered Teague. "He's a violent character and might produce the gurrel in coort, which would be inconvanient for Miss McCrowdher."

"Well, I may not arrest him, but I'll tell his employer and have him discharged—I'll—I'll—I'll—"

"Oh don't, please don't!" said Mr. Primpenny, and clasping the hand of the injured parent, he fell upon his knees.

The rest now interceded, and finally in consideration of his extreme youth, poverty, and intention never to do so agin—Mr. McCrowder magnanimously let him off with the reproof he'd had already, and with equal magnanimity consented to take a pull out of Squint-eyed Mike's jug produced for the occasion, tempering that condescension by the assurance that he was very dry, as in deed he must have been to drink the very first cousin of camphene.

Having thus mollified himself, Mr. McCrowder was further led to state that *he* was very hungry also, and to show that he entertained neither pride nor malice, had no objection to go and take supper with the newly forgiven offender.

"Where shall we go?" said Mr. Primpenny.

"Hold Folks at 'Ome is a jolly good place," said Mr. Gubby. "Nearly hopposite the hoffice hof VANITY FAIR—vich I reads it myself and hever finds hin it something as hentertaining for the poor as for the rich. Hold Folks at 'Ome is the best place haltogether. It's vere the gents goes—likewise them as vears smock frock and hoverhalls. Heverybody goes to Hold Folks at 'Ome—vich it is kept by Mr. 'Awkins—'oo gives more for vun bob than you can get at the Hastor for a veek's board."

"That's the place then!" said Mr. McCrowder. "I've got room for just one week's board inside of me. What shall we have?"

"Vell, hi don't vish for to hadvise a gent as knows good livin' of hisself ven 'e sees it—but don't take it hamiss hif I mention codfish balls. Vich they are sixpence for two, an' remarkable fillin' at the price. I 'ad a countryman as vas sometimes flush and sometimes cleaned hout, and he reasoned this vay. Says he vun day ven he vas flush 'some day or other I shall starve, vich it vill be ha hend of me. I'll go and deposit ten dollars vith 'Awkins at the Hold Folks at 'Ome, and keep it for a standin' fund to draw against in the form o' codfish balls.' So he vent, and he deposited the Hex vith 'Awkins at the Hold Folks at 'Ome. Ven 'e got cleared hout again he vent and drawed against it. He never made no more money for the next year, and hall that time he kept a drawin'. 'By-an'-by,' sez 'Awkins to 'im 'look a 'ere! your hinterest keeps haccumulatin' faster than you can draw, and hi don't vant to keep these 'ere pennies in my till, vich it is hagainst my conscience. So hevery Saturday night hafter that, the gent 'ad to take 'ome a pocket full hof pennies from 'Awkins's, bein 'is balance. At last 'e found 'em too 'eavy, hand determined 'enceforth to heat up sqvare hevery veek, so as not to leave no balance to carry 'ome. Vell, 'e stood it vun veek, and then 'e died o' too much codfish balls and happerplexy. I vas the hexekkytor o' that wictim—and ven I cum to settle hup the hestate, I found a balance o' nine dollars an' twenty-seven cents in his favor. Vich 'Awkins 'e paid it hup 'andsomely, beside haskin the privilege o' givin' a a supper to the mourners."

To the Old Folks at Home Mr. McCrowder and Mr. Primpenny accordingly repaired. After a sumptuous supper on Mr. Hawkins's counter, they exchanged eternal vows of friendship, took another drink—more vows—another drink—and separated each to his own place.

Having arrived at his wife's house, Mr. McCrowder made an explanation which caused her to bless her stars that Ann Eliza hadn't begun to make up her trousseau, and proceed to discover means for recapturing the alienated Don Bassuras.

For his part, Mr. Primpenny returned with Teague to 34th St., greatly relieved, but fearfully tired, sleepy, and ashamed, as by this time you will all agree with me, he ought to be.

(To be Continued.)

They Will So!

The latest plan for capturing Fort Sumter, is, we believe, by *escalade*. If the South Carolina chivalry attempt it, they will have to throw all their valor into the Scale!

The Aim of the South.

To keep all the Kernels, and throw us the Shells!

SOUTH RN HERALDRY.

As the new Republic ha een much exercised in regard to the selection of a flag, and see that the Palmetto was adopted at the low, base, dark, vile and t cherous suggestion of the abolition- ists who thus foisted upon South the insignia of hated Hayti, I propose the following, dra and quartered according to Heraldry. Of course it only wants Ha ng to make it particularly appropriate.

Three postmasters, sinis , opening private letters at tea kettles sable and chantant, readir ame argent pocketty. On floor, letters ouvert and gules (i.e. oper and Read). All highly improper.

A cannon displayed blaz t at a Mississippi steamer passant but not regardant.

Three confidential ager with rifles and funds, mizzly, as confessy per Bailey.

Three Southern secretar s of unquestionable honor "in their piety" t a Treasury coffer having "or" in their Ungules Sinister and Dexter.

The whole inscribed h the very natural motto "Let us alone"!

AFFAIRS IN ITALY.

BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

FIDDELDIDI, Feb. 7th.

Dear Vanity:—The le s and huckleberries of Caprera weep heavy tears of dew. Th roosters stand pensively under the carts and wheelbarrows, with trooping tail-feathers faintly indicating their gallinaceous grief. The house-dog wanders about, his vacant countenance saying as pl inly as in words,

"Joe's gone!"

In point of fact, while all the world fancies GARIBALDI safe on his island, he is here at Fiddeldidi with me, having bolted away from home, one cloudy night, on a secret mission.

Of this, you already ave confused and contradictory newspaper reports. Some sa he went to Rome to see PIUS, but that rumor grew out of my v it to His Holiness. Others imagine that a love-affair took him o to Gaeta. Others, that he has gone on a spree . . .

I alone know the truth . . . I, who hold the destinies of Europe in my hands . . .

I, who know everything!

The truth is, that as the mellow buds of the olive-trees begin to expand in the soft air of coming Spring, the fever of battle begins to warm my royal blood. I long to mount my charger . . . to feel the hilt of my goodly sh pnel once more in my hand . . . to hear the ringing music of the umbrils, the clash of aiguilettes and the roar of sabretasches! *Viva l' Italia, Viva la Liberta!*

So I sent for the Dictator . . . the street-boys call him "the Dictater," since he went to Caprera . . . to come and help me, as well as he might in arranging the plan of action for our army in March.

Over a noggin of hot with sugar, JOE and I discuss affairs every night.

"What do you want to do?" asked JOE of me, at one of these *séances*.

"Throw an army of five hundred thousand men into Rome, and proclaim VICTOR EMMANUEL Emperor of Italy."

"And the Pope?"

"He refuses to give in, unless I will take his place permanently, which I don't See at any price. We must lick him like thunder."

"And . . . ?"

"Send him to South Carolina, or elsewhere."

"The Papal troops will fight hard."

"Bah! Let me lead my Zoo-zoos against them!"

"Sir," said the Dictator, seizing my hand, "I honor your talents, I admire your manners, and I respect your courage!"

"So do I."

"But . . . what if we should try diplomacy, first? What if we should cede the balance of power delegated by the Two Sicilies to the discontented provinces, and allow the Romagna to be placed in the interregnum between the Papal dynasty and the Italian parliament, in favor of the denaturalization of the Bourbons?"

"Please say that again," said I.

He repeated the question.

"I agree with you perfectly, my dear JOE," I replied; "allow me to fill your noggin again."

He allowed me.

This is but a specimen of the deep and earnest thought we devote to Italy. What she owes to my courage and profundity, and to GARIBALDI'S good-nature and manliness, I am too modest to say.

When Fame gilds History's page . . . then, both of us will receive the homage due to Genius.

I have received a letter from LOUIS NAPOLEON: here it is:

PARIS, 3rd. Feb. '61.

To Monsieur MCARONE, Diplomat Extraordinary, Assistant Dictator and Liberator, Correspondent of *Le Phare de la Vanite*, etc., etc., etc.

GREETING:—Permit me that I should do myself the honor to express to you my most sincere approval of your course touching the affair of Italy in all its branches and ramifications.

If that you shall desire to make use of my troops or vessels of war in the Spring, I shall only be too proud to place all at your service as you may indicate to Count CAVOUR.

It is with the greatest avidity that I seize upon this opportunity of conveying to you the profoundest assurance of my most distinguished consideration.

NAPOLEON.

P. S. Accept if you please, of the Cross of the Legion of Honor, and of the warm regards of the Imperatrice.

N.

So you see, dear VANITY, I have got LOUIS all right. With his troops and my talent, I feel assured that Italy will soon rejoice in full freedom from the Papal as well as the Bourbon yoke.

Future is big with something, and I am

Tout à toi,

MCARONE.

Ride A Cock-Horse.

Sail down a 'liner' to South Carolina,
And let UNCLE SAM with a blockade confine her:
SAM in her bay, and SAMBO at her heels,
She'll soon have to Knuckle, however she squeals!

Railroad Intelligence.

It is stated that even the present large amount of Rolling Stock at the disposal of the Illinois Central Railroad, is hardly adequate to the service of that line, on account of the immense extent of Rolling Prairie over which it passes.

Sic Itur.

Springfield Ill.—Springfield always.

Springfield worse—Springfield the day on which Mr. LINCOLN took leave of it.

The Only Aid South Carolina is Likely to Get.

Cannonade!

VANITY FAIR SEES UN BALLO IN MASCHERA.

E—VANITY FAIR—had often heard of Boston. But VANITY FAIR had never visited it, despite the Startling Attractions and Enchanting Fascinations which are described as Hallowing that Home of Beauty and Bower of Bliss. Therefore VANITY FAIR went lately to the Opera to see *O on Bah-lo een Mahss—kay—rah*, having been informed that the scene was laid in Boston, and that the whole concern accurately portrayed the Hub as it was at the end of Sixteenth Century, and consequently at the present day—Boston not having changed materially in its upper circles since that time.

VANITY FAIR has come to the conclusion that Boston must be A Place—a very romantic place at that—and doesn't wonder that the Natives are Proud of It. We should be Ourself. As is usual in Boston!!

Scene splits, disclosing a Hall in the palace of RICHARD, Count of Warwick, and Lord High Governor of Boston, (Mass.) We presume that the Palace was Faneuil Hall. We used to think that Bostonians Blew rather too Boreally about that Hall. We don't now. They're a great deal too modest about it. The half has not been told. Hereafter we shall regard Bostonians as the Only Modest people in exist. Well—scene displays crowd of Boston peasants, nobility, vassals, serfs and retainers, dressed all the way from Henry VIII., down to Charles II., with great accuracy, and extreme cavalier-esque brilliancy as was usual among the Puritans who were, as You Know, Death on Dress, and the Trunk Empty—as is still usual in Boston.

Lords and peasants sing praises of the Count de Boston. But the Count has certain enemies, SAM, TOM, *e loro adherenti*—"and their retainers" who sing vengeance. Enter COUNT BRIGNOLI DE BOSTON accompanied by BELLA HINKLEY as the very nicest of all tom-boy pages—just as dainty, plump, piquant-darling and desirable as a pretty girl with tangled black curls and delf— hold your horses will you! Count arranges with HINKLEY (Pennsylvanian and Swabian for a little chicken, You Know,) for a ball. Goes Off on name of AMELIA, wife of RHEINHART FERRI, his Secretary, and D. F.—devoted friend. Sings as Counts of Boston only can sing. It's a Musical Place, You Know, and has Concerts.

SCENE V. Abode of the She Astrologer, ULRICA PHILLIPS, (and birth-place of her son WENDELL.) Singular Upholstery consisting of Snaix, Chemical and Literary ingredients and a human Skull, exactly six times as large as the head of the biggest Chorus-ter—which, latter as the reader may observe, is by no means of the juvenilest cocoa-nut measure. Enter Count BRIG on this Scene of Horror—disguised as a sailor. AMELIA COLSON also appears on scene. Confesses love for BRIG as a secret anguish. That is What is the Matter with Her. Wild outcries of excited Bostonians, mystical adjurations of Satan, red-dragons, spirits groaning in graves and other due results of cod-fish banquets, and pork and bean festivity are strangely mingled in this scene with the vagaries of a Galiant Saleur Boy named SYLVAN, who swears "by Bacchus!" as is usual in Boston.

AMELIA is informed that to the west side of the city the pallid moon falls on an abominable field where grows on infamous rocks a magic herb where Guilt exhaled his last sigh. *Cieli—qual loco!* Lord!—what a hole! This exquisite vegetable must be plucked from the Rock by the person who needs it. AMELIA COLSON of the Beautiful Shoulders and Winning Voice, declares that she will pluck or die—being a lady of pluck in all particulars—as is usual in Boston.

Exit AMELIA, enter SAM, TOM *e loro adherenti*. ULRICA, the Black Demoniac Astrologer, (Fifty cents for gentlemen and has no rivals, the real Chinese charm for sale, cures drunkenness or forfeit the money,) prophesies to the Count that the first who shakes hands with him will kill him, which *stringo del mano*, or hand-shaking, is forthwith accomplished by RHEINHART FERRI—as is usual in Boston.

ACT II.—View of rock—Plymouth Rock—You Know—awful papers—green moonlight—two Romanesque Lombard pillars of the Ninth Century, (of the kind so common in the ruined palaces around Boston,) with a Bar between them appropriately sustaining a Cord. Enter AMELIA, followed by Count BRIG of Boston. Intense love-making—tremendous Passion—She Trembles!—She Yields!!!—Terrible Struggle!—hist!—somebody's comin' Wall—I calculate there is, and pooty darn quick tew! RENATO! *Chi giunge in questo albergo*, blarst me if tain't that husband o' yourn a comin' into this tarvern, full chisel!!! Let's put! Taint no use. We're gone coons!

Enter FERRI, bound to save life of Count BRIG. Has heard the festive SAM and TOM proposing his murder. They've Tracked you Hither! to your Lair! AMELIA is veiled—disguised—her husband unknowing who she may be, consents to 'scort her tu hum! Such is Bosting!

Enter Conspirators SAM *e* TOM. They jest with FERRI, become personal and familiar. AMELIA loses her mask? Grand larfing chorious! Well, naow I calculate twarnt worth while to fetch yeur wife eout here by moonlight—sa—ay! Massy sakes! haow the folks will larf to-morrow! Shouldn't wonder ef it got into the *Trarnscript*. Wall, I wouldn't!

E che baccano— sul caso strano,
Andra dimane—per la citta.

They sing it again and again—those wild sons of Bosting—'tis a strange laughing chorus—the finest bit of music in the whole. It rolls in, over and over—that mocking refrain—*é che baccano baccano—baçcano—*. Der Freyschutz is nothing to it—we expect to hear it—*é che baccano*—for a—*baccano*—month.

Bac—ca—no!

Exit the mocking Yankees behind Plymouth Rock piling on the aggravation, and leaving Mr. and Mrs. RHEINHART in a State of Mind—*a la mode de* Boston.

ACT THIRD.—REINHART and AMEELY tu hum. R. disposits his soo--word on the table before an enormous portrait of Old BRIG in his best clothes. Requests AMEELY to prepare to dye—with her heart's blood. Enter Milords SAM and TOM, with whom REINHART at once goes in cahoot to extinguish BRIGGY. Draw lots for the privilege of murder—as is usual, it seems, in Boston—and make poor AMEELY pull the tickets. Of course REINHART strikes the heavy check and is elected. Agony of AMEELY, obliged to aid in killing BRIG, and thereby deprive the world of so much sing and grace—as is usual in Boston.

SCENE VII.—A ball-room on extensive principles—one of those low Immoral masked balls which were so common among the Puritans of the seventeenth century, and which account for the virtuous horrors of the N. Y. *Herald*. Immense variety of clowns in glazed muslin—extraordinary fandango—eccentric dancing by quadrille of Piêrrots behind, duett by Count BRIG, SAM, TOM and others in front, and a marvellous mazourka, as a finale, by Signorina ELENA, concluded by TOP OFF. (N. B. no joke intended. Vide small bills.)

Tis a very fine scene this, Madame, I assure you. Wethinks we hear it yet. The serio-comic well-timed sweeps of those pink Piérrots, in their droll Pastourelle—the marked waltz of the Mazourek—or Cracoviak of ELENA—

Abyste poznali,
Praveho Polaka'
Budu vam tancujac,
Spieval Krakoviaka,

and the fine concert of soprano, baritone, and contralto in front—all fused together in strange concord, and daintily blended chromatic action—we're bewildered of course—but 'tis a fine scene, and VANITY FAIR knows of nothing of the kind better Anywhere or Anywhen. As is usual in Boston!

And, of course RENATO *lanciatosi*, (slings himself) *inosservato* (unobserved) *fra loro* (out of the crowd) *e lo trafigge* (and sticks BRIGGY) *di pugnale*, (with a dagger.) Dance continues for a time—ELENA still treads *Krakoviaka*—multitude still swim—in life we are in death, and when you die, oh, dear one, whoever you may be, now reading this—why, there will still be waltzing and wild singing, and chorus-dance of Pierrots and dainty steps, ringing Polish measures—in secula sæculorum. AMEN! As is usual in Boston.

The Real Motto for Seceders.

"Let U. S. alone."

PROGRESS OF MR. LINCOLN.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

Myself, ABE, and the rest, have encountered a rapid succession of large things, in the ovation way, since I last wrote you.

ABE is becoming more gravel. He don't construct as many jokes as he did. He fears that he will get things mixed up if he don't look out, and, sincerely as I regard myself competent to fill the Consulship at Liverpool, I fear he will. "I'm not so much a WASHINGTON as I was," he touchingly remarked to me this morning. "No," I replied, "GEORGE is dead."

We made a short stop at Cleveland, Painesville, and Erie, but passed Buffalo, in consequence of Gen. SCROGGS being absent. It was also not deemed worth while to stop at Rochester, as I. BUTTS was out of town.

At Albany we were not "received," until sometime after our arrival, on account of our inability to find Gov. MORGAN. We all went off to find the Old Gov., and finally WEED and I discovered him in the colored tier of the Theater, in company with HORACE GREELEY. They came down and "received" us. "Got any to backer in your trowsis, HORACE?" says I. "No," he replied, looking sternly at THURLOW, "the WEED don't agree with me."

On entering the Capitol, Mr. LINCOLN remarked to Gov. MORGAN that he believed the other Penitentiary was located at Auburn. It was a painful error. Mr. LINCOLN apologised immediately, on discovering his mistake.

Col. ELLSWORTH is with us. Old SCOTT is to resign in favor of Col. ELLSWORTH, immediately on our arrival at Washington. We all think SCOTT is played out, and are in favor of Col. ELLSWORTH. SCOTT is very old. Dear me, yes! Col. ELLSWORTH is only thirteen years of age.

It is to be deeply regretted that the hotels along our route thus far have not been properly conducted. Although my connection with VANITY FAIR was well known, not a single hotel dead-headed me. I was compelled, indeed, to pay for my beverage. You will thus see why I studiously refrain from making the slightest allusion to the Delevan House at Albany, or the Astor House in this city. Neither of those hotels has "gentlemanly clerks."

A pleasing incident occurred at Hudson. Several young ladies came into the cars, and the President elect folded them rapturously to his throbbing bosom. They said "don't," which induced the President to believe that they liked it.

The dailies have told you of our reception in the Metropolis. HENRY WARD BEECHER told me, as we were getting some coffee and cakes in Chatham street, Wednesday evening, that it was indeed an extensive thing.

It is popularly believed that Mr. LINCOLN is not classically educated, which belief had some at obtained among our party; but at the dinner at the Astor, where the bills of fare are printed in French, Mr. LINCOLN unhesitatingly called for a *sine qua non* of Beans, and an *Ipsdixit* of Pork, thus showing his thorough familiarity with deceased language.

Mr. LINCOLN says New York and Philadelphia are larger places than Springfield, being more thickly settled.

Mr. LINCOLN has abstained from facetiously designating hotel napkins as towels, since Gen. NYE, (whose winning ways and polished deportment, are strikingly similar to those of the late Lord CHESTERFIELD,) joined the party.

Mr. LINCOLN continues to measure with all the tall men who present themselves, and in various other dignified ways exhibits a full understanding of the grave duties which will shortly surround him. The assertion that he dare not let his measures be known is a weak invention of the enemy. He measures with every man who wants him to.

Yours in haste,

C. AUGUSTUS.

Wirey.

LINCOLN's non-committal policy is considered so knowing by the politicians, that henceforth he is to be called the *Fox populi*.

SUGGESTION OF A VERY IMPOSING FIGURE.

Artist in Hair.—"NUMBER 4, SIR? THEM'S WHAT WE CALL THE SECEDED SOUTHERN STUDENT MUSTARCHES, SIR, VERY CHASTE, AND WARRANTED OF 'UMAN 'AIR. SHIPPED OFF THREE CASES OF 'EM, YESTERDAY, FOR CHARLESTON. SUPPOSED TO BE HARMS FOR THE SOUTH. 'TRY ONE, NO. 4, SIR?

MR. LINCOLN'S FLIGHT.

We live in a cheerful country. Things are becoming lively.

Perhaps Cuba, which we patriotically proposed to buy after discovering the impracticability of stealing her, may come to our aid. Perhaps "distracted" Mexico, whose affairs we not long since (without the slightest show of arrogance, you see) proposed to take charge of, may kindly give us a copper-skinned "Protectorate."

By the advice of weak men, who should straddle through life in petticoats instead of disgracing such manly garments as pantaloons and coats, the President elect disguises himself after the manner of the heroes of two-shilling novels, and rides secretly, in the deep night, from Harrisburg to Washton.

There are cock-and-bull stories of secession assassins. One man thinks the design was to throw the Presidential trains over an embankment, while another man thinks the citizens of Baltimore contemplated the milder and more graceful plan of knocking Honest Old ABE in the head, after they should get him in their midst.

Thus Mr. LINCOLN is made, by his ill-advisers, to exhibit fears of trusting himself among the people of Baltimore—Baltimore which is true to the Union,—Baltimore which is the metropolis of the Union-loving State of Maryland.

Important to Mariners.

It has long been said that "Britannia rules the waves," but since the fort and arsenal capturing business has flourished so, down South, we must surely agree that South Carolina is First on the Seize!

The only thing to "sweep the seas" with.
A Brush with the enemy.

THE INSIDE TRACK.

THURLOW WEED TO PRESIDENT ELECT.—"TRUST TO MY FRIEND SEWARD—TRUST TO US. WE'LL COMPROMISE THIS LITTLE DIFFICULTY FOR YOU. BUT TRUST TO US. GENTLEMEN FROM THE COUNTRY ARE OFTEN EGREGIOUSLY SWINDLED BY UNPRINCIPLED SHARPERS. (IMPRESSIVELY) TRUST TO US!"